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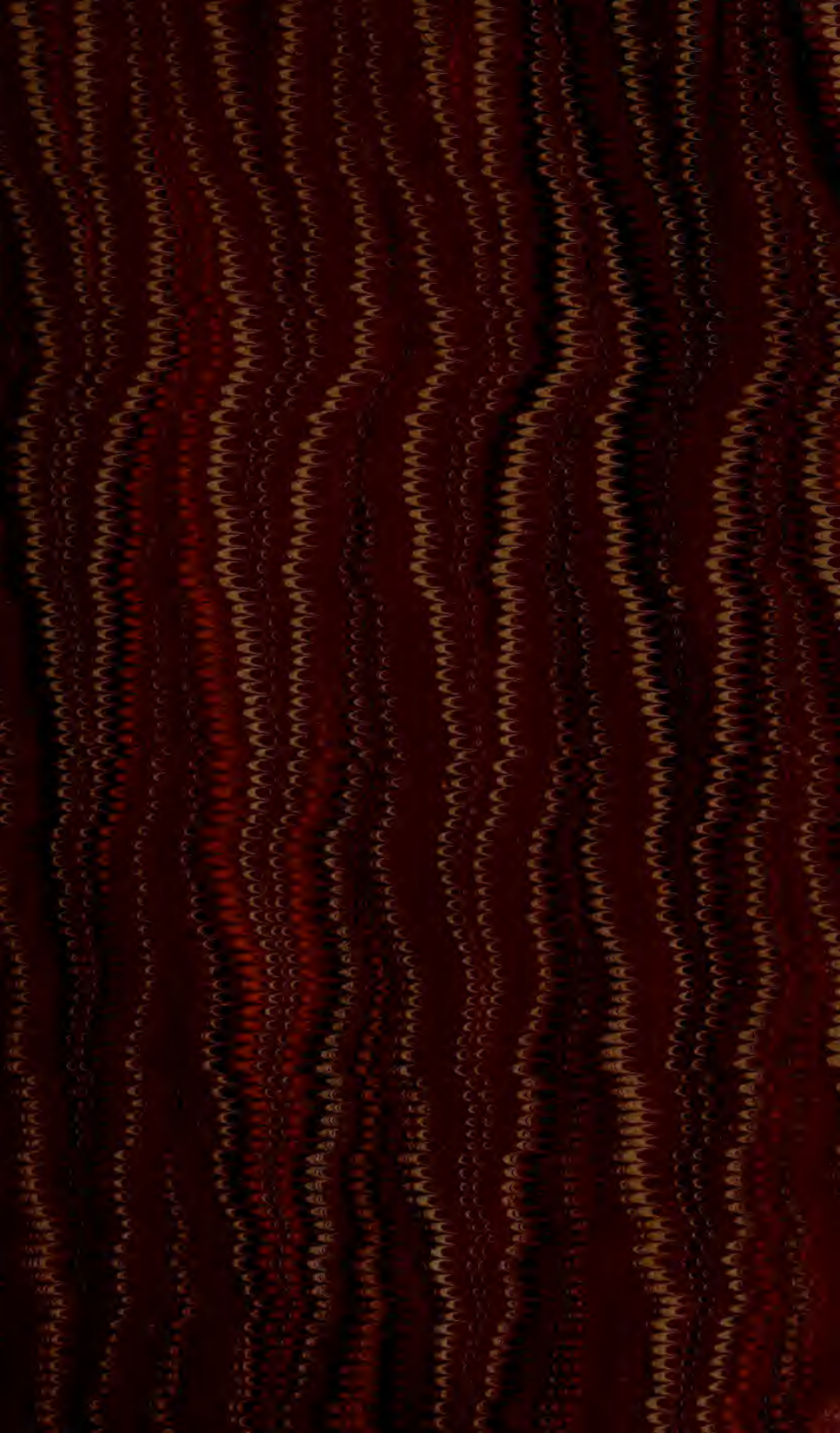

1776. 1876.

CENTENNIAL SPLENDOR:

A POEM,

BY

EVENDER CHALANE KENNEDY.

DEDICATED TO

HOWES' GREAT LONDON CIRCUS.

ST. LOUIS:
GLOBE-DEMOCRAT JOB PRINTING COMPANY
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THIS POEM

WAS WRITTEN IMPROMPTU, INSPIRED BY SEEING, IN A PANOPLY OF SPLENDOR, THE WONDERS HEREIN DESCRIBED; AND, INASMUCH AS THIS

GREAT SCHOOL OF NATURAL HISTORY,

COLLECTED BY YEARS OF RESEARCH IN FOREIGN LANDS, AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE, WAS THOUGHT TO BE ENTITLED TO AN ENDURING MEMORY, AND AS IT IS A SUBJECT WHICH PROSE, EVEN WITH FLUENT LANGUAGE, CAN NOT WELL DESCRIBE, THE AUTHOR TURNS TO THE GODDESS OF THE MUSE, AND DEDICATES HER INSPIRATION, WITH ITS GOOD WILL AND HIS OWN COMPLIMENTS, TO HIS ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THE PROPRIETOR

OF

HOWES' GREAT LONDON CIRCUS, HIPPODROME,

SANGER'S ENGLISH MENAGERIE OF TRAINED ANIMALS. AND

MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL COMBINATION.

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Centennial Splendor.

By EVENDER CHALANE KENNEDY.

'Twas dawn of the morning; a holy calm
Enshrouded the serenely lovely sky,
And hung, like Mahomet's Peri's dream,
Over and around our beautiful city.
Morpheus had descended, and, with a wand
Of mysterious magic, closed the eyes
Of weary thousands, and metamorphosed
Their restless brains to dreamy ecstacies.
They slept; all forgetful of the pleasures
And the many sorrows of the fretful past,
Unconscious of the mysterious future
In which their fair and hopeful dreams were cast
The moon was gone, but bright and silent stars,
Like Argus eyes, thickly clustered the sky,
Twinkling and glowing, in thousands of forms,
With many shading shadows and royal dye.

The wind was hushed to a silence as calm
As the faintest touch of an Æolian lyre
Swept by an angel's magical fingers,
Inspired with Calliope's most holy fire.
Supreme peace reigned on the streets of our city,
And nothing was heard, save now and then
The measured tread of some guarding sentinel,
Passing and repassing — again and again.
I sat in my room looking at the blue sky,
Deeply entranced by the beauty of night;
Carried away in the dark realm of space
By fair imagination's untiring flight —
Thinking, wondering what those distant stars
Contained, out in the boundless space rolling on.
What the import of their distant splendors,
And what the purpose of their creation:
A sphere of bliss for the troubled spirit—
A rest for man beyond the gloomy grave.
O, think of man! his strange, mysterious birth;
Bending and bowing like a galley slave;
Unwilling instrument of unhappy fate;
Full of bodily pain and agony of mind;
The inheritor of an unsought, unholy sin;
Seeking for joy he never yet could find;
Struggling upon the weary path of life;
Waiting, hoping, inspired with every breath;

Never doubting; surely to win at last;
Then gets, unsought but surely promised death.

Then my dark thoughts were slowly dispelled,
Even forgotten in the great contemplation
Of the forbearance and changeless love of God:
To save us from our sins, He sent His Son.

While thus I thought and watched the sky,
I saw a cloud, like amber smoke, appear
From underneath the glowing Polar Star,
Within the confines of our hemisphere.
At first I gave it but a passing glance;
But now I see it waves, and waves, and floats,
And, spreading like a bridal veil, moves down
The horizon, like a fleet of aerial boats;
I mark the path they leave upon the sky--
Lovely road, a perfect trail of splendor!

I see from whence the parting cloud now comes:
Beautiful sight! mystic, mysterious wonder!
Pride of the Land, and Mistress of the Sea—
Hail! hail! Britannia—home of Victoria!

Night folds her sable robes about her breast
And flies away to the shades of the West;
The sun rolls up in splendor and power,
Dispelling the gloom and dream of an hour.

As the clouds of the night are fleeting away,
Illumed by the rays of bright coming day,
My aerial ships, with trails of splendor,
Gleaming like mighty battle lines of war
Coming boldly on, draw nearer and nearer.

Hark! an exclamation, like distant thunder,
Falls on the attentively listening ear;
Loud shout after shout! wild cheer after cheer!

An exquisite sound entrances my soul,
In perfect unison with the throbbing roll
Of the silvery-sounding martial drum!
A shout runs on the street: "They come! they come!"
Which awakes me from my dreaming reverie.
I raised the sash, that I might hear and see:
The streets are filled with a perfect living mass,
Talking, shouting, and laughing as they pass;
Each gaily dressed in holiday attire,
Their eyes aflame with an exciting fire!
To windows and balconies, women repair,
With plumes and ribbons streaming on the air.

Led by the excitement that passed below,
I forgot my ships that move like flakes of snow;
I cried to a news boy now flying past:
"Hold! my boy; what is the cause of this vast

Excited crowd, in dress so fair and gay?
And what yon gleam that fills the public way?"
"Ha! ha!" he laughed, with perfect doubling scorn;
"You knave! do you not know? where was you born?
When did you wake up? Antediluvian cuss!
Why, sir! that is Howes' Great London Circus;
The pride and wonder of the new world.
They come with pinions and banners unfurled,
From good old England, across the deep sea,
To welcome us here, in the Land of the Free,
With good will, and royal splendor as well,
To take a part in our grand Centennial!"

The boy fled away with a shout and a jest;
I was filled with wonder, as great as the rest;
For, with the sound of a loud trumpet's blast,
Four Royal Heralds rode swiftly apast,
Mounted upon four wild spotted horses,
From the Arabian desert, far beyond Suez.
As they advance, their glories all unfold:
Decked in trappings of fine silver and gold,
King Canute of England rode at the head,
Armed and equipped in the White and the Red;
Blazing and sparkling with diamonds and pearls.
The next, King Capet of France, fearless unfurls
The Tri-Colored Flag, with the Arms of his Fate.

This is the "Russian Bear," with Peter the Great,
In trappings of gold, displaying his power;
Followed by the pride, the hope, and the flower
Of chivalry—Washington, the brave and true—
Flaunting our Banner, the red, white and blue.

Then a fair sight, that bewilders the gaze,
With its shimmering and glowing blaze—
As some meteor flashing into the night,
The "Chariot of the Sun" bursts on the sight;
Drawn by ten horses, all dapple and gray,
Fairly plumed, equipped, and prancing so gay.
Now I see, what I thought was aerial ships
Is but the swaying of each horse as he skips,
Shaking his proud head, and nodding his plume;
The trails of splendor I marked in the gloom
Are Palaces of Gold, all moving on wheels;
While the air is filled with exquisite peals
Of music, played by the great "Centennial Band,"
Followed by twenty horsemen, bold and grand,
And splendidly arrayed;—here representing
All nations—the pride and glory of the Ring.

Then comes the strong "Roman War Chariot,"
Drawn by four black horses, without a dot
To mar their sable beauty—four abreast—
Surmounted by characters as Mardi-Gras dressed.

Drawn by four gray horses, with open wing,
Comes the Mammoth Corrugated Den, containing
Five performing Bengal tigers, displaying
Their wonderful feats, fondling and playing
With brave Moloch, the celebrated trainer,
Bowing to his mighty will, as arbiter.

Then comes Golden Palace Cages — so fine,
The language of colors in musical line
Would not describe their great embellishments.
You must see them — for imagination invents
No shade nor color, as the master hand
Has painted the beautiful and the grand;
Paintings, from the genius of Raphael,
Michael Angelo, West, Reid and Churchill
Are here, by an artistic hand transferred.

There are but few who have not heard
Of "Good Daniel, in the Lion's Den!"
But, see the picture here displayed, and then
New thoughts will take possession of your soul!
I look, and paint the pictures as they roll.

This is the appearance of the "Queen of Sheba
Before Solomon," in the days of his glory.

This blanched and trembling form is Haman,
Before Ahasuerus, robbed of his evil plan.

This Flying Chariot — this god-like man —
Is "Achilles at Troy," leading the van;
Made immortal, with thousands of his men,
By the Poet Homer and his magic pen.

This fair woman, and war-like man, are they —
"Helen and Paris" — whose loving for a day
Plunged the world in war for thirty years.

This, the "Spartan Mother," with grief and tears,
Sending her son to battle for the right —
With instruction to never leave the fight
Until Xerxes is driven from the field —
Except borne dead upon his honest shield.
He fell with Leonidas, at Thermopylæ —
His glory lives until this very day.

This, brave Coriolanus, and his faithful wife,
Pleading for Liberty and his foeman's life —
By the Poet King, Shakespeare, made immortal
A thousand years beyond her country's fall.

This is the Hero of the great Odyssey —
Ulysses — true to his vow, though miles away;
So deeply entranced by the Siren's song,
Lashed to the mast, he speeds his ships along.

This is the "Meeting of Æneas," of Troy,

And fair Camilla, the Amazonian toy:
Given a name, and handed down to fame
By Virgil's pen, and mighty tongue of flame.

This is the "Spirit of Marc Antony;"
Borne through stygian darkness by Cleopatra.

This is 'Sardanapalus in his Palace"--
Famed as the prince of beauty and of grace.

This is "Alfred of England, after the Battle,"
Mourning for those who so gloriously fell.

This is the "Goddess of Ocean," sailing
On the side of a Flying Dauphin's wing.

These are the "Three Muses," fabled in song--
Most sought after now by life's busy throng.

This is the "Black Knight in the Tournament,"
At the moment the fatal cast was sent.

This is the Arab and his Mortal Foe,
Met on a path they both intend to go.

These are the "Guardian Spirits of Ocean,"
Bewailing the ruin of her dark commotion.

This, an "Indian Prince," in a wild contest
With a fierce tiger--his prowess confessed.

This, an "Esquimaux," in his land of snow,
Taunting to vengeance his aggressive foe.

This, a fair "Group of Turkish Dancing Girls,"
Swinging and swaying in many dizzy whirls.

This, the "Celebrated Spanish Fandango,"
With graceful step, all moving to and fro.

This, "Bacchus, the King of the Rosy Wine,"
With outward show so very grand and fine.

This, a "Spanish Bull Fight"—the famous sport
Of King Ferdinand and his royal court.

This, a "Boar Hunt"—where Avon's water's flow,
The joy of English Kings long years ago.

This, the "Genius and the Star of Empire"—
Ho! Westward; with lightning, steam and fire!
Columbia bids the waiting worlds to come.
They come! I seem to hear their marshalling hum!

This, a "Buffalo Hunt upon the Plains,"
With rushing feet and wildly flowing manes.

This is "Poor Lo, smoking the Pipe of Peace;"
His promise broke, quick as his pipe shall cease.

This is "Great Manhattan and Pocahontas"—
Of all the famed, the fairest Indian lass.

And this is "Gilpin on his Famous Ride,"
To show how gates and guards can be defied.

Here is the greatest sight you ever saw:
Come every one and see! — huzzah! huzzah!
This is the "Golden Chariot of Commerce,"
Drawn by twelve Flemish horses, who traverse
Their way with nodding plumes and stamping feet.
Think of a Golden Palace on our street,
Moving on gilded wheels, facing like the sun,
Around which golden serpents seem to run!
Upon the backs of four Dragons supported,
The beautiful Palace arose over head;
Its sides embellished with splendid mirrors,
Surrounded with many historical wonders,
Amid which stand — on either side — a group
Of four Golden Statues, with loop after loop
Of wreaths, and gilded facings surrounding them,
Each crowned with a splendid royal diadem,
Representing: the "Goddess of Agriculture,"
Of "Arts," and "Mechanics" — a Flying Vulture
On the four corners surmounting them all.

In *Bas-re-lief*, beside a broken wall,
On the rear end of the lovely Palace,
Stand two "Roman Gladiators," each face
And form depicting the last agony

Of the death struggle in the arena.
The front is adorned with an historical group
Of "Peace and Commerce," where dauphins stoop
To bear their ancient gods — Ceres and Mercury —
Over the world, and through the stormy sea.
Crowning the top of this Golden Wonder,
Whose rolling wheels sound like distant thunder,
Is a monstrous gilded "Globe of the World"—
Over which the Star Spangled Banner is furled,
Beneath which sits the Goddess of Liberty
Arrayed in a robe of exquisite beauty.
Four life-size Lions, at the trail of her robe,
As sentinels stand, around and round the Globe.
At the four corners, in perfect character,
Stand four golden statues: on the right, Her —
The good Queen Victoria; on the left, in line,
Minnehaha, Longfellow's fair heroine;
In the rear, two Indian Chieftains stand,
Now famed in the song of every land —
"Great Hiawatha," the pride of his nation,
And brave "Osseo, the Prophet of the Sun."
Decked with flags, which fairly dazzle the eye,
This golden wonder moves slow and steadily by.

Now comes the "Monster Corrugated Den —
The great mystery to all nations and men —

With the "Six Performing African Hyenas."
The strong wings of the cage now raise —
And, with their eyes all in a ferocious blaze,
They howl to hear the people shout and praise
The brave Montano, who rules them at his will —
Bowing their natures with a magic skill.

Then comes the wonderful African Eland,
The spirit of the desert's rolling sand.

Here is something that can not be forgot:
The "Golden Celestial Chariot"—
Drawn by twenty tiny Shetland ponies,
Prancing and shaking their plumes to the breeze,
Containing the "Juvenile Performers:"
Willie and Horace, the Lilliputian Stars;
Misses Lizzie and Hattie, and Katie and May,
Bowing and laughing, so happy and gay;
While, embossed with gold and royal scarlet,
The Chariot went by like a cloud at sunset.

Then here comes a line of "Palace Cages,"
Whose most wonderful show deeply engages
The eyes of the throng that crowd the gay streets.
Oh! what a splendid sight the eye here meets!
The cages all painted in scarlet and gold,
Bearing groups most wonderful to behold,

In Carnival and historical dress——
The crowd, with laugh and jest, their mirth confess.

Then here comes the "Golden Car of Euterpe,"
With Roman Gladiators, plainly to see——
Drawn by six horses, all lovely dapple grays.
On each side are splendid mirrors, that blaze
Like moonbeams on a lake at midnight.
In *Bas-re-lief*, reflecting golden light——
In graceful form——here stand the Famous Muses:
Each can have his choice, whate'er he chooses,
From Apollonius or Æsop's famous fables.
Ah! see! here they come to turn the tables——
The Mardi-Gras!——A mounted cavalcade!
Heavens! where were such funny costumes made?
'Twould make the sagest sages laugh and cry,
If they should know within the hour they die.

Here is old Saturnalia, of Pagan Rome,
Lost to himself, or fled away from home,
With hundreds of his famed and jolly crew.

Ha! ha! here is the Witch of Endor, too!

Here is King Lion, and Queen Lioness,
Arrayed in the latest polonaise dress.

Here are Lord Tiger and strong Lady Bear;
So haughty and proud—"Touch me, if you dare!"

Here are Mister Bull and Madam Cow,
Out on a *fly*, and spoiling for a row.

Here are Mister Hog and Mistress Pig,
Covered with ribbons, dancing a jig.

Here is the whole family of Croaking Frogs,
Turning up their noses at the Misses Dogs.

And here are Jolly Horse and Nanny Mare,
Putting it heavy—on a fearful *tear*.

Here is old Sly Fox, away from his den,
Seeking acquaintance with Mister Cock and Hen.

And here is the kind and graceful Miss Stork,
Getting in trouble because she has no fork.

Here are Mistress Goose and Mister Gander,
Buzzing the crowd, with their fearful slander.

Here are Baron Ape and Lady Monkey,
With the latest bonnet—thinks she's *hunkey*.

Here is the hungry Mister Crocodile,
Looking awful dry—longing for a *smile.*

And here is the Emperor Rhinoceros,
By size of mouth, should surely be the *boss.*

Here is the Great Eagle with wings unfurled,
"King of the Air," and pride of the world;
Drawn in a Chariot by all the minions
Of his great and boundless dominions.

And here, surely, is old Satan himself,
Surrounded by many a wonderful elf—
Contentedly watching the flames as they roll,
Afflicting the spirit of some poor soul.

And here all the birds of the earth and air,
Beasts of the forest away from their lair,
All monsters from the sea, the ocean and lake,
The African desert, and Australian brake—
A Carnival most wonderful to behold,
Commingling with all the known fables of old.

Look! here comes the "Cinderella Phaeton"
Drawn by six Zebras, who go prancing on—

Containing the four most beautiful ladies,
Representing the world, bound by the sounding seas.

And here comes the "Roman War Chariot,"
Drawn by "Jerusalem Donkeys." But what
They are driven by, I cannot surely tell!
Look for yourself, and you will say—"'Tis well."

But what this Fiery Monster on our street,
Led by a cloud of swiftly flying feet?
"The Golden Legendary Dragon Chariot"—
Eighteen Shetland ponies, I had most forgot—
A Dragon with three necks, and each a head,
With gleaming eyes, and mouth a bloody red,
Covered with massive scales of gilded gold.
Upon whose back, with mirth and laughter, rolled
The gods of mirth, fun, frolic, and monkeydom.

Close in the rear of this, in splendor, come
Ten Palace Cages; beautifully embellished
And most elaborately decorated with red
And gold and scarlet, in gorgeous design.
This form, statue-like, arrayed so grand and fine,
Is George Washington, the pride of the world—
Adored wherever our flag is unfurled.

And this spirit, in grand martial array,
Is LaFayette, who, in that fearful day
That tried men's souls, a hundred years ago,
Left his peaceful home to help us in our woe.
And this is Brother Jonathan, the Yankee,
Who loves the tricks and trades of Liberty.
This is the honest quaker, William Penn,
Trading in gold, instead of bloody men.
And here are Galaxies and Galleries
Of storied Fables, over the sunny seas—
A thousand forms, from fabled days of old,
Nodding and swaying, as the cages rolled.

Hear the sweet sound of that sonorous bell!—
Bell after bell, rising in a wild swell,
And dying away, like the tides of ocean.
Ah! I see the cause of this commotion:
This is the famous "Egyptian Chimes"—
I have heard of it, read of it, many times;
But never heard it's wonderful music.
Come, come, it is passing! be quick, be quick!
Drawn by a team of lovely dapple grays—
Splendid, beyond all human words to praise!
And this, "King Momus," the god of mirth—
I thought him dead, or fled away from earth?

But, look! here come the greatest of them all,
Shaking the ground as their mighty footsteps fall —
The Antediluvian Monsters of the day —
The "Five Educated Elephants:" Mandrie,
Princess, Sultan, Emperor, and Chieftain,
Arrayed in a perfectly glowing train
Of oriental design and splendor —
With Sultans dressed as for a foreign war.

And here is the finest of all this grand display:
"The Golden War Chariot of India"—
"The Ponderous Car of bloody Juggernaut"—
Drawn by twelve gray horses, coming at a trot;
All of purest Royal Andalusian stock —
Checked up, they break into a prancing walk,
Shaking their flowing manes and gaudy dress,
Their pride and pleasure better to confess.
Colossal, richly adorned magnificence;
Built by great labor, at thousands of expense;
Rolling upon gilded wheels, with golden face;
Its front clustered with many a fabled grace,
Of Ancient India's dark mythology —
Encircled by monsters of the land and sea.
The rear end surrounded by Fiery Dragons,
And all the "Fabled Gods of the Ocean;"

The sides, emblazoned with mirrors and scrolls,
Surrounded by a gallery which rolls,
Displaying the portraits of all the great men --
Warriors, Kings, Queens, and famous women,
Of every land, and age, and nation:
Columbus, DeSoto, and Ponce DeLeon;
Washington, Putnam, LaFayette and Jackson;
King John, George III., and Richard DeLeon;
Wallace, Roderic Dhu, Douglas, and James Fitz James;
And a hundred other illustrious names:
Burke, Saint Patrick, Emmett, and O'Connor;
Voltaire, Napoleon, and Henry of Navarre;
King William, Red Prince, Moltke, and Bismarck;
Alexander, Alexis -- every living monarch;
Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots;
Josephine, Mesdames DeStael and DeVotts;
Victoria, Siddons, and Martha Washington.

Above these paintings, blazing in the sun,
Is a monstrous "Golden Elephant,"
Surrounded by a Royal Guard, who chant
An ancient song to the Princess Josephine
Riding in the Royal Hoodah between --
Crowned with gilded streamers and banners,
Representing Turk and Moorish manners.

Splendid Pageantry! the wonder of the age!—
Worthy the Poet's song or musing of a Sage.
Here is every splendor of the known earth;
Each animal Nature has given birth;
Beasts of the forest—the wild, the fierce, the tame—
From every land, of most peculiar name;
All the wonders of ocean, lake, and sea:
Birds of the air—a splendid Aviary—
A Great School of Natural History—
Every living person should anxious seek to see.
Ten years of steady reading would not tell,
With twenty years of traveling as well—
Could not inform the mind, the memory impress,
As this grand panoply will in an hour express.

They have explored the snows of the icy North,
And brought its many living wonders forth:
Plunged in the depths of all the foreign seas,
Raising their dark mysteries to the breeze;
Have trailed the burning desert's rolling sand,
To take the Gnu, the Ostrich, and Eland;
Have beat the jungle and the brake to find
The beasts and birds of every name and kind;
Soared through the air, in all the boundless space,
Bringing its denizens before our very face;

All curiosities, on land, in air and sea--
In one Grand Show are here for all to see.
Then paint a Banner, and let it be unfurled--
HOWES' GREAT LONDON CIRCUS, the wonder of the world!

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

AT THE OPENING OF

HOWES' GREAT LONDON CIRCUS.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

AT THE OPENING OF

HOWES' GREAT LONDON CIRCUS.

By EVENDER CHALANE KENNEDY.

A hundred years of splendor and power
Vanished away, like the dream of an hour--
Born in the smoke, midst the roar of battle,
Where Washington lead, and Warren fell--
Cradled in the storm of the first Revolution,
Where Despotism lost and Liberty won—
Reared and strengthened by the wild contest
Which drove the Indian away to the West—
Manhood proclaimed, on the glorious day
Our cannon shook the Halls of Montezuma.
Wonderful offspring of mysterious Fate,
Claiming the admiration of the great!

To the end of the seas, your banner unfurled
Demands respect from the kings of the world.
True to the magic which governs her still,
Our brothers bow down to the power of her will,
And patiently yield their anger of old—
Regretting their passion was ever so bold,
To make them forget the days that are gone,
Plunging them into an unholy rebellion;
But the past is forgotten and buried--
We scatter flowers on both of our dead.
"'Tis human to err; Divine to forgive;"
The past, an example to those who may live.
Then let us shout, for the good of us all,
"United we stand--divided we fall;"--
And the ship of our State will move on the tide,
The strength of the world, its wonder and pride;
But should rebellion again spring up in the land,
Oh! let some good spirit, like Washington, stand
And turn us back to the days of our birth,
When we were unknown to the nations of earth;
When those patriots, so staunch and so true,
Left the field and the mart, and anxiously flew
To the defence of their honor and pride;
And on every field where a patriot died
The South gave her part as well as the North--
They marshalled together—together went forth.

At Concord, Bunker Hill, and Brandywine
They charged together, and fell in the line;
At Monterey, Buena Vista and Palo Alto,
Chapultepec, Lundy's Lane, and Mexico,
They charged the foeman's flaming batteries
Side by side, and kept our banner to the breeze.
Huzzah! there is no North, there is no South,
Since Peace has hushed the cannon's bloody mouth;
We now are one, invincible and strong!
Then let us join in that historic song:
"Perish the heart or the hand that would sever."
And no cynical knave or fanatical fool
Shall make our people his political tool!
Their day has passed—we now are striking hands—
They who did the fighting will proclaim the banns.
And swear anew: "United forever!"
No power shall break, no hand shall sever!
In the Centennial we will take the van.
Where an American meets an American
In battle array, then comes the clash of steel;
But when at peace how truly kind we feel.
Hurrah! for the North, the South, the East, the West!
Hurrah! for Columbia!—Ah! that is the best!—
Three cheers for our flag—the red, white and blue—
Beautiful sight! the emblem of the true!
Banner of the brave and the fearless;

Bow submissive to its merciful caress;
For wherever a storm or a balmy breeze
Sweeps through the land, or over foreign seas,
Its fair pinions are seen to flaunt and wave--
Signal to the true, ensign for the brave;
Like the vault of heaven thy azure field,
Before which our fathers adoring kneeled.
Thy stars thereon, like its worlds of splendor,
Remain forever!--and will not surrender
Their place in its space--their own special prize.
Thy colors, like the rainbow's changeless dyes,
Proclaim peace and good-will to every one,
In every land beneath the flaming sun.
Thy Eagle, in his power and majesty,
Couched upon the shield of Liberty,
Is fit emblem of the brave and fearless.
Thy name and thy fame we honor and bless—
Baptized in the smoke and blood of battle,
Where Liberty rose and Despotism fell--
Though the Eagle is dimmed with smoke and blood,
Thy stars blurred with dust and with mould,
Thy stripes commingled together in stain;
But bring them forth to head the column again,
And though they are torn to tatter and shred—
Let the cry go forth: Our Banner's ahead!
And though mangled in body, some strong arm

Will be at the front to guard it from harm.
Flag of Freedom! emblem of Love unfurled!
Pride of fifty millions! hope of the world!
In some glorious day, not far distant
In the annals of Time — O Heaven grant!—
That each fair land and Isle of the West
Will take its protection, and ever be blessed.
May no State be neutral on its fair field,
Not one lost, bedimmed or congealed —
'Till, like the stars in the blue vault of heaven,
Though they shall be numberless and nameless,
Yet, each like they, in splendor and force,
Pass untrammeled on their beautiful course
In sisterly love, as the true and sublime,
'Till, the bugle shall blast the end of our time;
When the earth is swept away with a breath,
And the immortal is freed from the mortal in death—
May our flag be flaunting and waving the breeze,
From the bounds of the earth to the end of the seas!
Then three cheers for the American Army!
Three cheers for the pride of our Navy!
Three times three! for the old Constitution!
North and South, join in the shout begun!
Starting from the stormy Atlantic's side,
Rising, spreading, sweeping, far and wide,
Filling the land with joyful hope and pride,

'Till echoes, answering from Pacific's tide—
Re-echo, from Southern Gulf to Northern Lakes,
'Till every mountain, with its thunder, shakes,
Proclaiming a united and happy people.
Let the bells be tolled from tower and steeple;
Let bands burst forth with music on the air;
Let bonfires burn; let lights and torches flare
From plain to plain, from mountain peak to peak;
Let flaming cannon roar, and whistles shriek;
Let every voice join in a holy praise—
Prolonged and startling acclamation raise;
Even so great, the angels of our future fate
Shall stoop to hear us at the paradisal gate,
And grant us a destiny here in our fair home
Greater than that of Greece, of Sparta, or of Rome!
Our father's pledge with them we will renew—
Swear in this Centennial Year!—and be true—
As they swore to God in the face of the foe,
By their honor and life, a hundred years ago!

GREAT CENTENNIAL POEM.

THE LONGEST POEM EVER PENNED BY AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

CODE OF BLOOD;

OR,

LEAGUE OF ANAHUAC,

AN

EPIC DRAMA,

BY

EVENDER CHALANE KENNEDY.
("MINSTREL OF THE BORDER.")

Author of "OSSEO;" "SPECTRE CHIEFTAIN;" "YOUNG AMBITION'S DREAM;" "BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA;" "CELESTIAL GENIUS AT ANTIETAM;" "HAUNTED HOUSE;" "CONFESSION OF PRISCILLA DECASTRO:" "SCOUTS OF THE BORDER:" ETC., ETC., ETC.

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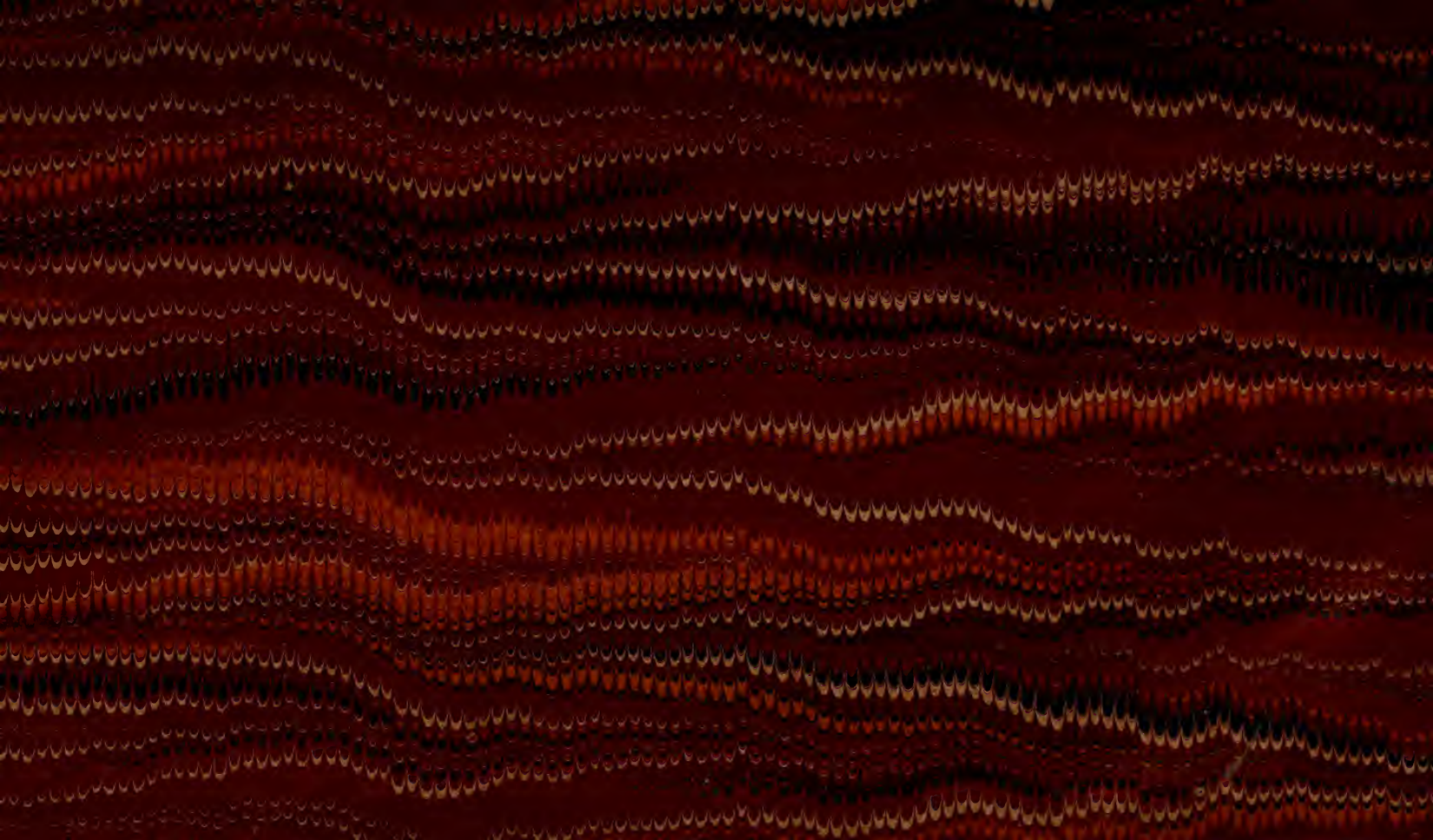

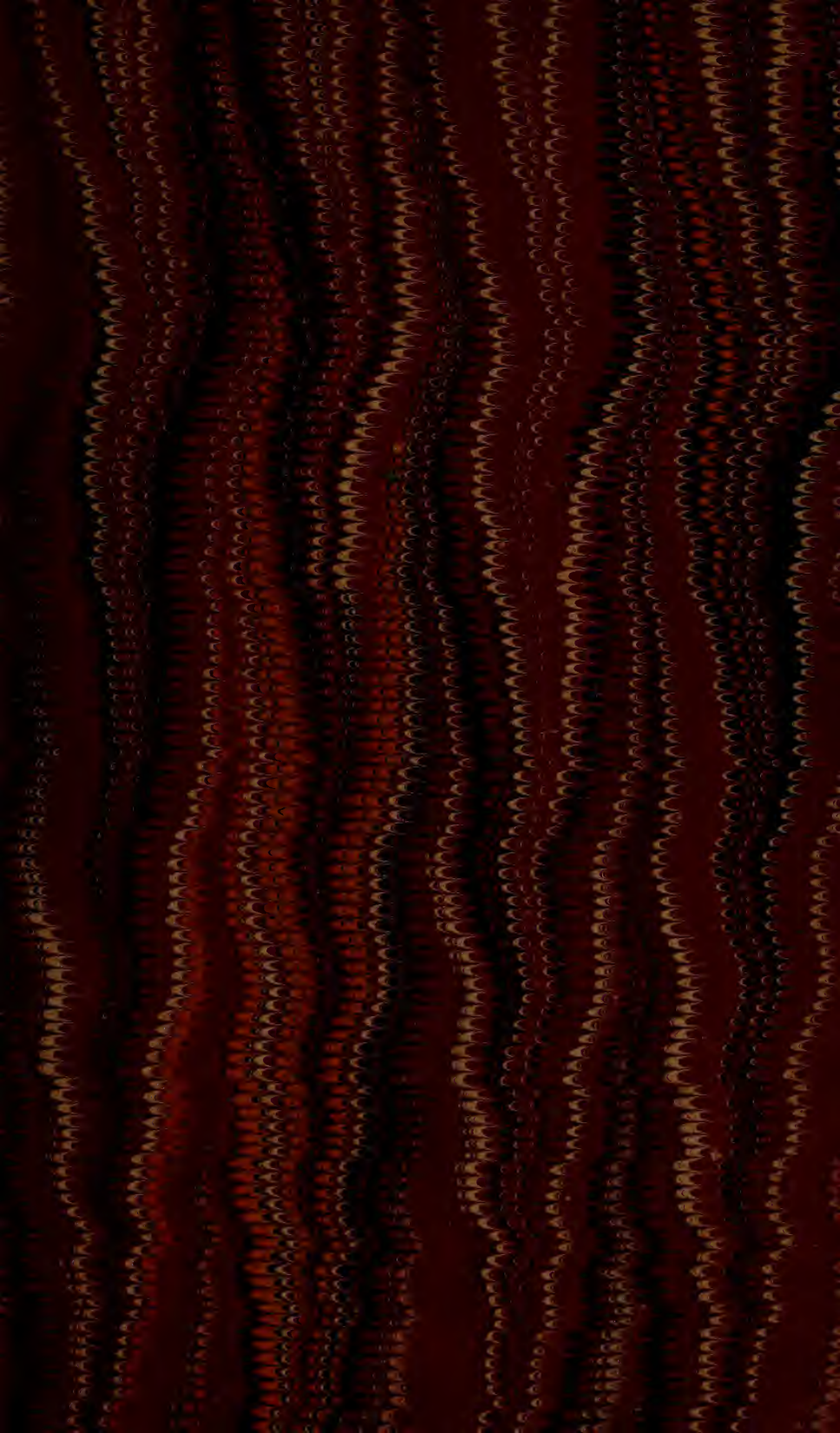

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